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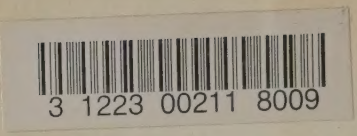
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A BATCH OF GOLFING PAPERS : : : : : : BY ANDREW LANG AND OTHERS

Edited by
R. BARCLAY, M. A.
: : : : Captain of : : : :
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: : : : Golf Club : : . :

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'Rosemary'

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THE CHELAH'S ROUND

A MODERN ROMANCE

BY ANDREW LANG

CHAPTER I

THE odds against John M'Gummidge's winning the Golf Medal were, according to the Professor of Mathematics, "humanly speaking, incalculable." M'Gummidge was a Freshman: he was long, lathy, ungainly, and wore spectacles. Never had he been seen on the Links, not even taking solitary exercise with a short spoon. His only companion, a singular figure, was a student from Northern Hindustan. The Bobhachy Lal Rumun deserves a more particular description. The snows of an unknown number of winters flowed over the collar of his gown,

while his silver beard (which in rainy weather he tucked into his boots) gave him an aspect particularly venerable, but in no way sporting. Rumor ascribed to the Bobhachy a longevity beyond the aspirations of romance, and it was believed that ever since the days of Akbar he had inhabited a cave in the Northern Himalayan slopes. A clear, airy, tinkling sound, as of a claret glass lightly touched, which was occasionally heard when the Bobhachy was present —especially in Lecture—had in no way endeared him to his teachers. But as he explained that the mystic note was entirely beyond his own control, and merely meant that a Mahatma (or initiated Sage) in Thibet or Afghanistan was anxious to converse with him in the spirit, of course censure was unjust and expostulation fruitless.

The Bobhachy could not be blamed, though it was remembered that the

German Chelah in Mr. Anstey's *Fallen Idol* said—"They are not chentlemen in Thibet." Why the Bobhachy at his time of life (or trance rather) had sought a Northern University was variously explained. The most popular theory was that his parents had been too destitute to afford the usual fee for manners in Thibetan Colleges (two annas), and that he was now endeavoring, though late in life, to supply the deficiency of his early education.

The Bobhachy's mode of existence, like that of his only intimate (M'Gummidge), was solitary and far from gay. A cave under the Castle Rock, and just above high water, was thought to be their inexpensive lodging, and it was reported that they tasted nothing which had ever breathed the breath of life. A handful of pulse, the rain-water from the rock, served to nourish the fire of existence, which, on such fuel, burns

"with a hard gem-like flame," Bobhachy said.

Though M'Gummidge was an assiduous attendant of philosophical lectures, there were some who whispered that under the teaching of Bobhachy he was really pursuing that mystic or Esoteric Vedanta which has been successfully concealed from European inquisitiveness. In short, he was, perhaps, a "Chelah," or pupil of the venerable old Hindu. News of this course of study could not but agitate the parental mind when it was conveyed to the distant shores of St. Kilda, and to the lonely manse where Mr. M'Gummidge the elder tended his little flock. But still more surprise was felt, in golfing circles, when it was known that M'Gummidge had entered for the Medal. Layers never tired of offering odds fabulously long, which were snapped up by the Bobhachy. He was prepared, he

said, to pledge even his *Cummerbund* (almost his only article of dress) rather than not be "on" M'Gummidge to the extent of his available capital.

Whether the confidence of the patriarchal sage was justified is a question of which curiosity must be content to await the answer.

CHAPTER II

THE great day of the Medal arrived. The Bobhachy himself carried for M'Gummidge. It was observed that his clubs were by no means new. But few spectators watched the start, M'Gummidge's companion being but an ordinary player, one Jones. The Bobhachy compiled however a business-like tee, and it was noted that M'Gummidge, as he addressed himself to his ball, displayed none of the diffidence of the novice.

He lay near the burn, and a sough of the performance reaching the town, the odds fell from 10,000 to 1 to 10 to 1 against the Chelah. His second lay dead, and he holed out in three.

Then occurred a circumstance which none who saw it will ever forget. As his partner holed out in five, the strange mysterious tinkling note sounded on the green, and all eyes were fixed on the Bobhachy. The caddie who carried for Jones (M'Gummidge's companion) put his hand in the hole to take out the balls, and, as I am a living and honorable man, he exclaimed—

"O Heaven! what is this?"

Though two men had holed out, *there was but one ball in the hole.* As several credible witnesses had seen M'Gummidge's ball enter the hole, though none but Jones's came out, the Chelah was rated at three. The Bobhachy being pressed for an explanation observed

that the Mahatmas in Thibet disapproved of "Eclipses," and had probably disintegrated the mysterious matter of which "Eclipses" are composed. He then put down a gutta, and M'Gummidge having the honor, struck off. His ball, being slightly "toed," hit the old station-house, and cannoned back on to the green, where, after considerable search, it was found—in the hole!

"Great is Indra!" was the only remark of the Bobhachy. "His throne doubtless has been unpleasantly warm."

The devout Brahmin does indeed believe that the effect of prayer is to heat the throne of Indra, and to make him bestir himself in the cause of the Faithful. However this may be, the immediate effect was found in efforts to hedge among the layers of odds. Preying upon each other, in their terror-stricken cupidity, they brought the market round to 100 to 1 on the Chelah.

When news came that he had gone out in thirty-seven (for he came to grief in the Eden, at the high hole, landing badly from the tee on the duck punt moored in the Estuary, where he could not lift his ball, and a "mashie" had to be used),—when news came to this effect, the Links were crowded. The University, the Artillery, the Town, the Fishing population, the Clergy of all denominations, deserted their usual haunts and pursuits: three political meetings hastily broke up, the Cabinet Ministers and distinguished Fenians who had been addressing them were "left speaking," and the whole agitated populace crowded round the Bobhachy, who by this time was talking in a remarkable Dundee accent.

Why pursue the narrative in detail? The Chelah's play may have been exaggerated by tradition, ever greedy for the marvellous. The stone bridge is

reported to have broken down under the tread of the excited spectators, now swollen by the agricultural multitude. The records of the game, however, demonstrate that M'Gummidge did the round in 71, thereby breaking the record.

Next morning the town was full of newspaper reporters. But the Chelah and the Bobhachy were seen no more. Various theories as to the event have been promulgated. According to some, M'Gummidge was merely hypnotized by his dusky companion and caddie. If you can hypnotize an idle boy, so that he is head of his class while the influence lasts, as any one may read in the papers of the Psychical Society, why should you not do as much for a golfer? Others maintain that the whole affair was glamor. The Indian conjurer who does the mango trick, and makes a tree grow up before your very eyes from

the seed in twenty minutes, must, it is argued, produce a "collective hallucination" in the mind of the observer. (See *Psychical Society's Proceedings.*)

Others there were who declared that money was uncommonly plentiful on the Links of Leven and Carnoustie after the events which tradition has handed down. They averred that a long white beard, from Nathan's, and a "Chestnut Bell," with a melodious tinkle, were found in a room of the Marine Hotel after the departure of two strangers who never paid their lawful debts to that establishment. And they insist that M'Gummidge was a novice from some obscure provincial "green," while the Bobhachy was a speculative Club-maker and veteran professional in disguise.

So prone is the unaided human intellect to fly after mere natural explanations of events manifestly extra-natural.

A SONG OF LIFE AND GOLF

BY ANDREW LANG

THE thing they ca' the stimy o't
I find it ilka where!
Ye 'maist lie deid—an unco shot—
Anither's ba' is there!
Ye canna win into the hole
However gleg ye be,
And aye, where'er my ba' may row
Some limmer stimies me!

CHORUS.

Somebody stimying me,
Somebody stimying me;
The grass may grow, the ba' may row:
Some limmer stimies me.

I lo'ed a lass, a bonnie lass,
Her lips an' locks were reid;
Intil her heart I couldna pass:
Anither man lay deid!

He cam' atween me an' her heart,
I turned wi' tearfu' e'e,
I couldna loft him, I maun part,
The limmer stimied me!

I socht a kirk, a bonny kirk,
Wi' teind, an' glebe, an' a',
A bonny yaird to feed a stirk,
An' links to ca' the ba'!
Anither lad he cam' an' fleeched,
A convartit U. P.,
An' a' in vain ma best I preached,
That limmer stimied me!

Its aye the same in life an' gowf,
I'm stimied late an' ear',
This warld is but a weary howf,
I'd fain be itherwhere;
But whan auld Deite wad hole ma corp,
As sure as deith ye'll see
Some coof has played the moudie-warp,
Rin in, an' stimied me!

Chorus (if thought desirable).

ACADEMIC GOLF

BY R. BARCLAY

FOISTED upon St. Andrews by my well-meaning but misguided parents, I soon discovered that life at a Scottish University was not very hard to endure. True, I had been so kept in subjection in the early years of my existence, that the reaction caused by an independent residence in the lodgings may have derived much of its pleasure by comparison with the former state of matters; but, be that as it may, I had not been long in the place when I made up my mind to pass my undergraduate years as easily as possible. Previously my athletic record had not been strikingly brilliant: my Football experiences were unpleasant to think of, as I was generally to be found inside the scrimmage usurping the position of the ball, and

receiving the attention designed for its propulsion toward the opponents' goal. In the way of Cricket, too, I had invariably gone in second wicket down, and as invariably I myself was third wicket down—my modesty and unassuming efforts preventing me from "troubling the scorers," as the papers euphemistically remark. It was natural, therefore, that when I made my *début* in a new center of civilization I should eschew athletics and turn to more indolent forms of amusement.

For a considerable period I managed to find relaxation in a country walk once a day. When the weather was not propitious, I confined myself to the playing of whist or chess—in both of which games I speedily became proficient,—with an occasional game of billiards with a man from London, who stayed in the rooms next to mine.

I had heard that St. Andrews boasted

Links; but although I had seen them, they appeared to me only as a vast stretch of turf with infinite pastoral capacities. In an evil hour I was introduced to a fourth year's student, by name Saunders M'Bunker, who, with true Celtic cunning, allured me into a shop which I afterwards discovered was Forgan's. There he expressed his admiration for my physique, which he said was that of a man made for Golf. "In fact," he said, "you have a future before you, and you shall buy three of my old clubs." I smiled sadly, and with a mild attempt to look wise, I took the weapons in my hand. He said that this action of his would entail a great sacrifice on his part. Unwilling to be the cause of any loss, I paid him ten shillings, and walked off with the clubs. I made for the teeing-ground, where I was speedily joined by my new friend, who began to mention all

the feats which he had performed with the driver—a club with a broken face and a plentiful supply of splicing. He had driven a ball across the burn from the tee on five different occasions—at least so he said to me then, although later, in the presence of a clergyman, he modified the assertion to a considerable degree. He told me how in his first year at College he had killed an unpopular Professor by striking him with a black gutta at a distance of a quarter of a mile, thereby earning the everlasting gratitude of his fellow-students. I wondered myself how he had escaped hanging, and came to the conclusion that the gallows yet awaited the murderous youth. Other tales equally marvellous he poured into my sympathetic ear, while I employed myself in constructing, under the direction of a bystander, a tee of enormous height. An officious Caddie offered to carry my

clubs. I declined, in as haughty a manner as a person who was about to lower all existing records should do. I addressed the ball first with my club, next with my tongue: the first was unsuccessful, the second was profane, for I had dislodged a quantity of earth and left the ball untouched. The Caddie aforementioned was so unfeeling as to laugh. I struggled on, and by dint of hard hitting and turf cutting I carved my way to the first hole, which I secured in nineteen. The rest of my round was of a like nature; the encouragements of other beginners, and the sarcasm of experts, having little or no effect on my play.

In four months' time I could go round in 120, chiefly owing to the fact that M'Bunker's clubs had collapsed in two days' time after I had acquired them; and I felt that I was now on the highway to fame. But I got a rebuff which

I had not expected. By some untoward freak of fortune I started on a round immediately behind what is commonly called a Professiorial Foursome—that is to say, a foursome in which the players are Professors in the University. Duffer as I still was, I could not fail to observe that I was immensely superior to these gentlemen. On and on they went, hole by hole, bunker by bunker, while the air was rent with the sound of breaking clubs and the rattle of violent ejaculations. My insight into life was becoming larger and clearer. Theologians hold that religion is the perception of the Infinite—then I was a religious man —I was engaged in perception of the infinite. Reader! Professorial Golf is the infinite: it refuses to be confined within the narrow limits of rules and the unbending laws of nature. At the fifth hole I was blinded by the loose sand and earth which came flying back

towards me, as turf after turf was hurled from the erring cleek. At the eighth hole the course of my ball was interrupted by a large mass of broken shafts, which was piled up in serried confusion. At the turn one of the players walked home, having lost his clubs and his temper. The three remaining Dons in solemn silence struck off—at least they struck; I cannot speak with certainty about the "off." My partner and I plodded peacefully behind for some time, until, in a fit of forgetfulness, I drove from the tee at the long hole before the learned men had played their fifth shots. The words which they uttered I do not care to repeat here. However, I shelled them from a distance until they reached the home hole, when, having landed all square, they departed.

* * * *

I do not know why I was sent down by the Senatus. Rudeness and incivil-

ity towards certain Professors were the chief counts in the indictment. But I suspect that the true reason was this, that these dauntless three, enraged at being discovered in their infamous and ineffective essays at Golf, had so contrived to secure silence on my part and salvation of their reputations.

But I shall not be so easily put down. I scorn to make mention of their names; but any one caring to investigate the matter may discern the gentlemen on the Links of St. Andrew; nay, he may even trace them by the long rows of loose turf which mark their victorious career.

I have left the city for good. M'Bunker tells me in his last letter that a Professorial Handicap had been arranged. The scratch man won easily in 139; a learned Principal who had been turned adrift on the Links with unlimited odds has not since been heard of.

SOCRATES ON THE LINKS

BY ANDREW LANG

GOING down towards the shore lately I met Critias and the beautiful Charmides, for indeed they are seldom apart. Seeing that they carried in their hands clubs not only of wood, but of iron, and even of brass, I conceived that they were bound for the Palaestra.

"Hail to you, Critias," I said; "is it permitted to accompany you?"

"Indeed, Socrates, you may, and you may even carry those clubs for me," said Critias.

"But," said I, "is the carrying of clubs an art, or a sport?"

"An art, if it be done for money," he said; "but a sport, if to oblige a friend, for the things of friends are common."

"Will you then lend me your putter

to knock yonder sophist on the head?" I asked; but he denied it with an oath.

"Neither then," said I, "O best of men, will I carry your clubs, for it does not become one who has not learned an art to practice it."

Critias was now building a small altar of sea-sand, on which he placed a white ball, and addressed himself to it in a pious manner, and becomingly.

"It is a singularly fine morning," I remarked; on hearing which he smote his ball, not rightly, nor according to law, but on the top, so that it ran into the road, and there lay in a rut.

"Tell me, Critias," I said, "do you think it becoming a philosopher, and one who studies the sacred writings even of the extreme Barbarians, to be incapable of self-command, and that in a trifling matter such as whether a ball is hit fairly, or not fairly?"

But he seized an iron club, and glared

upon me so fiercely that I turned to Charmides, who was now about to hit his ball for the second time.

He observing that it was "a beautiful lie," I asked him: "Charmides, can we say that any lie is really beautiful or noble, or are not nobility and beauty rather the attributes of the True?"

He thereupon struck his ball, but not skilfully, so that it fell into the Ilissus, which did not seem to be his intention, but otherwise.

"Socrates," he said, "you have made me heel it."

"That," I answered, "is rather the function of the physician; and yet no harm may be done, for shall we not say that healing is also an art, and beneficial?"

But by this time they had crossed the Ilissus, walking, one by a bridge of stone, and the other by a bridge of wood, whereas I deemed it more seem-

ing to go round by the road. Hurrying after them, I found them declaring that "the hole was halved;" and as they again stood up before their balls, with genuflexions as is customary and pious, I said to Critias: "Then, Critias, if the half, as Hesiod tells us, be better than the hole, is he more truly fortunate, and favored of the Gods, who wins one half, or two holes, or ——"

But as I was speaking he struck his ball, not far off, but near; into a sand-pit which is in that place, and hard by it is a stone pillar, the altar, perhaps, of some God, or the sepulchre of a hero.

"What call you this place, Critias?" I said to him, as he smote the sand repeatedly with an iron instrument.

"We call it a bunker," he said.

"Is it, then, analogous to what you name a 'bunk,' or even more so, for have you not observed that when the

syllable 'er' is added to an adjective, then, as Cratylus says, addition of a sort is predicated?"

By this time he was in another sand-pit, digging eagerly with his iron weapon.

"Critias," I said, "of three things one. Either a wise man will not go into bunkers, or, being in, he will endure such things as befall him with patience, or, having called to his aid certain of the agricultural class, he will fill up those cavities, adding a prayer to the local Gods, and perhaps sacrificing a tom-cat."

But, I having said this, Critias and Charmides turned upon me with imprecations and niblicks, and, having first rolled me in the gorse bushes, and hurt me very much, they then beat me with the shafts of their clubs, and, next filling my mouth with sand, they bore me along and cast me into the Ilissus, whence I hardly escaped by swimming.

"Now, Socrates," they said, "is it more becoming a philosopher to speak to a man when he is addressing himself to his ball, or rather, having somewhere found a Professor, to prove to him—he being perhaps an old man or an amiable—that he does not understand his own business?"

But, by the Dog! I was in no case to answer this question; rather I have brought an action against Critias and Charmides before the Court of the Areopagus, estimating at several minæ the injuries which I received, as I have already told you.

HERODOTUS IN SAINT ANDREWS

BY ANDREW LANG

156. THE tribes which inhabit Saint Andrews are many, not all wearing the same dress nor using the same speech. Now, contrary to what we know of other nations, the Priests are more numerous than the people, being both young and old. Of the young, some wear red cloaks, and others black; they also wear square caps like the tribes on the Isis, of whom we have spoken elsewhere. They who wear red cloaks are extremely proud, and of those the proudest are the tribe called *Bejants*. Now, as to the meaning of the name, many accounts are given; but that which I prefer I come telling. Of old the chiefs of these tribes were

called *Regents*, but they were overthrown in a sedition. So, as it appears to me, the Bejants are descended from the Regents, for B, in their language, resembles R, and the words are otherwise akin and of similar sound. Hence, therefore, the Bejants are proud, they having no other reason to show for their haughtiness.

157. They who wear black gowns are more instructed than the other tribes, having knowledge of the mysteries. Now, the god of this people is the Lynx, which I did not myself see. For indeed he comes to them very rarely, at intervals, as the Kâdis say, of five hundred years. And these say he comes regularly when his father dies, and if he be like the painting of him, he is green, in this differing from other Lynxes. His priest is called "The Tommoris," and is greatly revered by all the tribes, dwelling in a small

chapel hard by the sea. He, however, offers no sacrifice, nor does he chant hymns, but remains absorbed in contemplation of the Lynx. There are some who say that the Tommoris, when once he has been chosen, never grows old, nor does he take odds from any one. Others, however deny this. Some report that he is a Scythian, being descended from Tomyris, the Queen of the Massagetæ, whereof I make mention in my Muses. Concerning the Tommoris, then, let this be sufficient.

158. There is another tribe of Saint Andrews called the Clubmen, who dwell opposite the chapel of the Tommoris, and still nearer the sea. Their manner of life is this: Having built a large house, wherein also is a great hall, they fill it with ladders and paint it with paint, so that it smells grievously, as Homer also says of the skins of the seals. The Clubmen then perform lus-

trations, setting urns of water in the Hall, but they do not drink of this water. They consider it better to die than to live, as is proved by an inscription in Cadmeian letters, which I myself read :

HANGING ACCOMMODATION ROUND THE CORNER.

There, then, the Clubmen hang themselves, being vexed by the ladders and and the paint. Some of the survivors wear scarlet chitons, not made like the cloaks of the Priests, but otherwise, for they are by no means of the same tribe as the Priests, though they also worship the Tommoris, making him offerings of silver. Among them is a Priest who instructs them in the oaths which it is customary to employ when they lose themselves in the sands of the desert. Concerning this Priest, it is said that he is acquainted with the oaths of the Barbarians. The Oracle, however, is in the

chapel of the Tommoris, who interprets such questions as are asked by the natives.

159. In respect to animals, dogs are an abomination to the Clubmen. The dogs, therefore, gathering in great numbers outside the house of the Clubmen, can hardly be prevented from entering, behaving like the cats of Egypt on the occasion of a fire. The reason why the Clubmen abominate dogs is known to me, and the reason why they sprinkle cayenne pepper on the threshold of their dwelling, and to what god; but it is not fit that I should mention these things in this place. He, however, who has been initiated into the mysteries of the Tommoris knows what I mean.

160. The Women of the Saint Andreans are somehow wont to be excessively beautiful beyond those in other cities. There is, however, a certain holy place where they are not permit-

ted to walk. Concerning this they tell a sacred story. When Io came to Saint Andrews in the shape of a cow, she was grazing in the field. Now, one of the Clubmen was endeavoring to strike a ball into a small hole, as is the custom; and having struck the cow, she instantly became a woman again, whereon the Clubman imprecated a curse upon any woman who entered the sacred place, averring that he had been put off his play by the circumstance which I have mentioned. This, then, became the law, even to this day.

161. The largest tribe of those which I have not mentioned is called the Kâdis. They are the attendants in the chapel of the Tommoris, and are greatly respected by all the tribes, who make them daily offerings of silver. This they do by way of expiation. For, when any men would strike balls in the ground where women are not permitted

to enter, the Kâdis are obliged to accompany them, and judge concerning their skill. This they do not willingly, but unwillingly, for the performances of the other tribes are an abomination to the Kâdis, who are far more skillful than to rest. To appease them, then, the tribes make offerings of silver. The young Kâdis are much more severe than the old, mocking openly at such as are not skilled in their art. The Kâdis, moreover, do not wear red robes.

162. To the north of the Saint Andreans dwell the Dundæi, a strong tribe, but very ignorant and foolish. They are said to be entirely ignorant of the Greek speech, which the Saint Andreans know—some, but not all. The Dundæi then they speak of as Barbarians—reasonably, for they are indeed a very foolish people, living after the manner of the Sidonians. Some of them, however, having been instructed

by the Saint Andreans, worship the Lynx. Horatios, the traveler, the son of Hutchi, having, as *he* says, visited Saint Andrews, declares that the Lynx is not a beast, but is the place where women are not allowed to enter. He also says in his *Periplous*, that "the Links are a noble ruin,"—most manifestly confusing it with the remnants of ancient temples whereof I have spoken. On this matter, then, being at Saint Andrews, I myself consulted the Oracle of the Tommoris. He answered me in the hexameter meter as is usual :—

"Stranger, if these be the words of the King, the descendant of Hutchi,
Him from the shores of the South, and the Ho! they denominate "Westward,"
Answer him thus, No man, if the Links are indeed but a Ruin,
Skelps them with iron as freely as thou—Descendant of Hutchi."

Having said this he burned a certain weed in a small vessel, inhaling the smoke, and cursing Horatios the Hutchid.

THE DEVIL'S ROUND

A TALE OF FLEMISH GOLF

BY MRS. ANSTRUTHER THOMSON

THE following story, translated by Mrs. Anstruther Thomson from *Le Grand Choleur*, of M. Charles Deulin (*Contes du Roi Gambrinus*), gives a great deal of information about French and Flemish golf. As any reader will see, this ancient game represents a stage of evolution between golf and hockey. The object is to strike a ball, in as few strokes as possible, to a given point; but, after every three strokes, the opponent is allowed to *décholer*, or make one stroke back, or into a hazard. Here the element of hockey comes in. Get rid of this element, let each man hit his own ball, and, in place of striking to

a point—say, the cemetery gate—let men "putt" into holes, and the Flemish game becomes golf. It is of great antiquity. Ducange, in his *Lexicon of Low Latin*, gives *Choulla*, French *choule* = "Globulus ligneus qui clava propellitur"—a wooden ball struck with a club. The head of the club was of iron (cf. *crossare*). This is borne out by a miniature in a missal of 1504, which represents peasants playing *choule* with clubs very like niblicks. Ducange quotes various MS. references of 1353, 1357, and other dates older by a century than our earliest Scotch references to golf. At present the game is played in Belgium with a strangely-shaped lofting-iron and a ball of beechwood. M. Zola (*Germinal*, p. 310) represents his miners playing *chole*, or *choulle*, and says that they hit drives of more than 500 yards. Experiments made at Wimbledon with a Belgian club sent over by

M. Charles Michel suggest that M. Zola has over-estimated the distance. But M. Zola and M. Deulin agree in making the players *run* after the ball. M. Henri Gaidoz adds that a similar game, called *soule*, is played in various departments of France. He refers to Laisnel de la Salle. The name *chole* may be connected with German *Kolbe*, and *golf* may be the form which this word would assume in a Celtic language. All this makes golf very old; but the question arises, Are the "holes" to which golfers play of Scotch or of Dutch origin? There are several old Flemish pictures of Golf; do any of them show players in the act of "holing out?" There is said to be such a picture at Neuchâtel. A. LANG.

I

Once upon a time there lived at the hamlet of Coq, near Condé-sur-l'Escaut,

a wheelwright called Roger. He was a good fellow, untiring both at his sport and at his toil, and as skilful in lofting a ball with a stroke of his club as in putting together a cartwheel. Every one knows that the game of golf consists in driving towards a given point a ball of cherrywood with a club which has for head a sort of little iron shoe without a heel.

For my part, I do not know a more amusing game ; and when the country is almost cleared of the harvest, men, women, children, everybody, drives his ball as you please, and there is nothing cheerier than to see them filing on a Sunday like a flight of starlings across potato-fields and ploughed lands.

II

Well, one Tuesday, it was a Shrove Tuesday, the wheelwright of Coq laid aside his plane, and was slipping on his

blouse to go and drink his can of beer at Condé, when two strangers came in, club in hand.

"Would you put a new shaft to my club, master?" said one of them.

"What are you asking me, friends? A day like this! I would't give the smallest stroke of the chisel for a brick of gold. Besides, does any one play golf on Shrove Tuesday? You had much better go and see the mummers tumbling in the high street of Condé."

"We take no interest in the tumbling of mummers," replied the stranger. "We have challenged each other at golf, and we want to play it out. Come, you won't refuse to help us, you who are said to be one of the finest players of the country?"

"If it is a match, that is different," said Roger.

He turned up his sleeves, hooked on

his apron, and in the twinkling of an eye had adjusted the shaft.

"How much do I owe you?" asked the unknown, drawing out his purse.

"Nothing at all, faith; it is not worth while."

The stranger insisted, but in vain.

III

"You are too honest, i' faith," said he to the wheelwright, "for me to be in your debt. I will grant you the fulfilment of three wishes."

"Don't forget to wish what is *best*," added his companion.

At these words the wheelwright smiled incredulously.

"Are you not a couple of the loafers of Capelette?" he asked, with a wink.

The idlers of the crossways of Capelette were considered the wildest wags in Condé.

"Whom do you take us for?" replied

the unknown in a tone of severity, and with his club he touched an axle, made of iron, which instantly changed into one of pure silver.

"Who are you, then," cried Roger, "that your word is as good as ready money?"

"I am St. Peter, and my companion is St. Anthony, the patron of golfers."

"Take the trouble to walk in, gentlemen," said the wheelwright of Coq; and he ushered the two saints into the back parlor. He offered them chairs, and went to draw a jug of beer in the cellar. They clinked their glasses together, and after each had lit his pipe—

"Since you are so good, sir saints," said Roger, "as to grant me the accomplishment of three wishes, know that for a long while I have desired three things. I wish, first of all, that whoever seats himself upon the elm-trunk at my door may not be able to rise with-

out my permission. I like company, and it bores me to be always alone."

St. Peter shook his head, and St. Anthony nudged his client.

IV

"When I play a game of cards, on Sunday evening, at the 'Fighting Cock,'" continued the wheelwright, "it is no sooner nine o'clock than the garde-champêtre comes to chuck us out. I desire that whoever shall have his feet on my leathern apron cannot be driven from the place where I shall have spread it."

St. Peter shook his head, and St. Anthony, with a solemn air, repeated—

"Don't forget what is *best*."

"What is *best*," replied the wheelwright of Coq nobly, "is to be the first golfer in the world. Every time I find my master at golf it turns my blood as black as the inside of the chimney. So

I want a club that will carry the ball as high as the belfry of Condé, and will infallibly win me my match."

"So be it," said St. Peter.

"You would have done better," said St. Anthony, "to have asked for your eternal salvation."

"Bah!" replied the other. "I have plenty of time to think of that; I am not yet greasing my boots for the long journey."

The two saints went out, and Roger followed them, curious to be present at such a rare game; but suddenly, near the Chapel of St. Anthony, they disappeared.

The wheelwright then went to see the mummers tumbling in the high street of Condé.

When he returned, towards midnight, he found at the corner of his door the desired club. To his great surprise it was only a bad little iron head attached

to a wretched worn-out shaft. Nevertheless he took the gift of St. Peter and put it carefully away.

V

Next morning the Condéens scattered in crowds over the country, to play golf, eat red herrings, and drink beer, so as to scatter the fumes of wine from their heads, and to revive after the fatigues of the Carnival. The wheelwright of Coq came, too, with his miserable club, and made such fine strokes that all the players left their games to see him play. The following Sunday he proved still more expert; little by little his fame spread through the land. From ten leagues round the most skilful players hastened to come and be beaten, and it was then that he was named the Great Golfer.

He passed the whole Sunday in golfing, and in the evening he rested him-

self by playing a game of matrimony at the "Fighting Cock." He spread his apron under the feet of the players, and the devil himself could not have put them out of the tavern, much less the rural policeman. On Monday morning he stopped the pilgrims who were going to worship at Notre Dame de Bon Secours; he induced them to rest themselves upon his *causeuse*, and did not let them go before he had confessed them well.

In short, he led the most agreeable life that a good Fleming can imagine, and only regretted one thing—namely, that he had not wished it might last for ever.

VI

Well, it happened one day that the strongest player of Mons, who was called Paternostre, was found dead on the edge of a bunker. His head was

broken, and near him was his niblick, red with blood.

They could not tell who had done his business, and as Paternostre often said that at golf he neither feared man nor devil, it occurred to them that he had challenged Mynheer van Belzébuth, and that as a punishment for this he had knocked him on the head. Mynheer van Belzébuth is, as every one knows, the greatest gamester that there is upon or under the earth, but the game he particularly affects is golf. When he goes his round in Flanders one always meets him, club in hand, like a true Fleming.

The wheelwright of Coq was very fond of Paternostre, who, next to himself, was the best golfer in the country. He went to his funeral with some golfers from the hamlets of Coq, La Cigogne, and La Queue de l'Ayache.

On returning from the cemetery they

went to the tavern to drink, as they say, to the memory of the dead,* and there they lost themselves in talk about the noble game of golf. When they separated, in the dusk of evening—

"A good journey to you," said the Belgian players, "and may St. Anthony, the patron of golfers, preserve you from meeting the devil on the way!"

"What do I care for the devil?" replied Roger. "If he challenged me I should soon beat him!"

The companions trotted from tavern to tavern without misadventure; but the wolf-bell had long tolled for retiring in the belfry of Condé when they returned each one to his own den.

VII

As he was putting the key into the lock the wheelwright thought he heard a shout of mocking laughter. He

* *Boire la cervelle du mort.*

turned, and saw in the darkness a man six feet high, who again burst out laughing.

"What are you laughing at?" said he crossly.

"At what? Why, at the *aplomb* with which you boasted a little while ago that you would dare measure yourself against the devil."

"Why not, if he challenged me?"

"Very well, my master, bring your clubs. I challenge you!" said Mynheer van Belzébuth, for it was himself. Roger recognized him by a certain odor of sulphur that always hangs about his majesty.

"What shall the stake be?" he asked resolutely.

"Your soul?"

"Against what?"

"Whatever you please."

The wheelwright reflected.

"What have you there in your sack?"

"My spoils of the week."

"Is the soul of Paternostre among them?"

"To be sure! and those of five other golfers; dead, like him, without confession."

"I play you my soul against that of Paternostre."

"Done!"

VIII

The two adversaries repaired to the adjoining field and chose for their goal the door of the cemetery of Condé.* Belzébuth teed a ball on a frozen heap, after which he said, according to custom—

"From here, as you lie, in how many turns of three strokes will you run in?"

"In two," replied the great golfer.

And his adversary was not a little surprised, for from there to the cemetery was nearly a quarter of a league.

* They play to points, not holes.

"But how shall we see the ball?" continued the wheelwright.

"True!" said Belzébuth.

He touched the ball with his club, and it shone suddenly in the dark like an immense glow-worm.

"Fore!" cried Roger.

He hit the ball with the head of his club, and it rose to the sky like a star going to rejoin its sisters. In three strokes it crossed three-quarters of the distance.

"That is good!" said Belzébuth, whose astonishment redoubled. "My turn to play now!" *

With one stroke of the club he drove the ball over the roofs of Coq nearly to Maison Blanche, half a league away. The blow was so violent that the iron struck fire against a pebble.

"Good St. Anthony! I am lost, unless

* After each three strokes the opponent has one hit back, or into a hazard.

you come to my aid," murmured the wheelwright of Coq.

He struck tremblingly; but though his arm was uncertain, the club seemed to have acquired a new vigor. At the second stroke the ball went as if of itself and hit the door of the cemetery.

"By the horns of my grandfather!" cried Belzébuth, it shall not be said that I have been beaten by a son of that fool Adam. Give me my revenge."

"What shall we play for?"

"Your soul and that of Paternostre against the souls of two golfers."

IX

The devil played up, "pressing" furiously; his club blazed at each stroke with showers of sparks. The ball flew from Condé to Bon Secours, to Pernwelz, to Leuze. Once it spun away to Tournai, six leagues from there.

It left behind a luminous tail like a

comet, and the two golfers followed, so to speak, on its track. Roger was never able to understand how he ran, or rather flew, so fast, and without fatigue.

In short, he did not lose a single game, and won the souls of the six defunct golfers. Belzébuth rolled his eyes like an angry tom-cat.

"Shall we go on?" said the wheelwright of Coq.

"No," replied the other; "they expect me at the Witches' Sabbath on the hill of Copiémont.

"That brigand," said he aside, "is capable of filching all my game."

And he vanished.

Returned home, the Great Golfer shut up his souls in a sack and went to bed, enchanted to have beaten Mynheer van Belzébuth.

X

Two years after, the wheelwright of Coq received a visit which he little ex-

pected. An old man, tall, thin, and yellow, came into the workshop carrying a scythe on his shoulder.

"Are you bringing me your scythe to haft anew, master?"

"No, faith, *my* scythe is never unhafted."

"Then how can I serve you?"

"By following me: your hour is come."

"The devil!" said the great golfer, "could you not wait a little till I have finished this wheel?"

"Be it so! I have done hard work to-day, and I have well earned a smoke."

"In that case, master, sit down there on the *causeuse*. I have at your service some famous tobacco at seven petards the pound."

"That's good, faith; make haste."

And Death lit his pipe and seated himself at the door on the elm trunk.

Laughing in his sleeve, the wheel-

wright of Coq returned to his work. At the end of a quarter of an hour Death called to him—

"Ho! faith, will you soon have finished?"

The wheelwright turned a deaf ear and went on planing, singing—

"Attendez-moi sur l'orme;
Vous m'attendrez longtemps."

"I don't think he hears me," said Death. "Ho! friend, are you ready?"

"Va-t-en voir s'ils viennent, Jean,
Va-t-en voir s'ils viennent,"

replied the singer.

"Would the brute laugh at me?" said Death to himself.

And he tried to rise.

To his great surprise he could not detach himself from the *causeuse*. He then understood he was the sport of a superior power.

"Let me see," he said to Roger. "What will you take to let me go? Do

you wish me to prolong your life ten years?"

"J'ai de bon tabac dans ma tabatière,"

sang the great golfer.

"Will you take twenty years?"

"Il pleut, il pleut, bergère;
Rentre tes blancs moutons."

"Will you take fifty, wheelwright?—may the devil admire you!"

The wheelwright of Coq intoned—

"Bon voyage, cher Dumollet,
A Saint-Malo débarquez sans naufrage."

In the meanwhile the clock of Condé had just struck four, and the boys were coming out of school. The sight of this great dry heron of a creature who struggled on the *causeuse*, like a devil in a holy-water pot, surprised and soon delighted them.

Never suspecting that when seated at the door of the old, Death watches the young, they thought it funny to put out their tongues at him, singing in chorus:—

"Bon voyage, cher Dumollet,
A Saint-Malo débarquez sans naufrage."

"Will you take a hundred years?" yelled Death.

"Hein? How? What? Were you not speaking of an extension of a hundred years? I accept with all my heart, master; but let us understand: I am not such a fool as to ask for the lengthening of my old age.

"Then what do you want?"

"From old age I only ask the experience which it gives by degrees. "Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait!" says the proverb. I wish to preserve for a hundred years the strength of a young man, and to acquire the experience of an old one."

"So be it," said Death; "I shall return this day a hundred years."

"Bon voyage, cher Dumollet,
A Saint-Malo débarquez sans naufrage."

XI

The great golfer began a new life. At first he enjoyed perfect happiness, which was increased by the certainty of its not ending for a hundred years. Thanks to his experience, he so well understood the management of his affairs that he could leave his mallet and shut up shop.*

He experienced, nevertheless, an annoyance he had not foreseen. His wonderful skill at golf ended by frightening the players whom he had at first delighted, and was the cause of his never finding any one who would play against him.

He therefore quitted the canton and set out on his travels over French Flanders, Belgium, and all the greens where the noble game is held in honor. At the end of twenty years he returned to

* *Vivre à porte close.*

Coq to be admired by a new generation of golfers, after which he departed to return twenty years later.

Alas! in spite of its apparent charm, this existence before long became a burden to him. Besides that, it bored him to win on every occasion; he was tired of passing like the Wandering Jew through generations, and of seeing the sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons of his friends grow old and die out. He was constantly reduced to making new friendships which were undone by the age or death of his fellows; all changed around him, he only did not change.

He grew impatient of this eternal youthfulness, which condemned him to taste the same pleasures forever, and he sometimes longed to know the calmer joys of old age. One day he caught himself at his looking-glass, examining whether his hair had not begun to grow white; nothing seemed so beautiful to

him now as the snow on the forehead of the old.

XII

In addition to this, experience soon made him so wise that he was no longer amused at anything. If sometimes in the tavern he had a fancy for making use of his apron to pass the night at cards: "What is the good of this excess?" whispered experience; "it is not sufficient to be unable to shorten one's days, one must also avoid making one's-self ill."

He reached the point of refusing himself the pleasure of drinking his pint and smoking his pipe. Why, indeed, plunge into dissipations which enervate the body and dull the brain?

The wretch went further, and gave up golf! Experience convinced him that the game is a dangerous one, which overheats one and is eminently adapted

to produce colds, catarrhs, rheumatism, and inflammation of the lungs.

Besides, what is the use, and what great glory is it to be reputed the first golfer in the world?

Of what use is glory itself? A vain hope, vain as the smoke of a pipe.

When experience had thus bereft him one by one of his delusions, the unhappy golfer became mortally weary. He saw that he had deceived himself, that delusion has its price, and that the greatest charm of youth is perhaps its inexperience.

He thus arrived at the term agreed on in the contract, and as he had not had a paradise here below, he sought through his hardly-acquired wisdom a clever way of conquering one above.

XIII

Death found him at Coq at work in his shop. Experience had at least

taught him that work is the most lasting of pleasures.

"Are you ready?" said Death.

"I am."

He took his club, put a score of balls in his pocket, threw his sack over his shoulder, and buckled his gaiters without taking off his apron.

"What do you want your club for?"

"Why, to golf in paradise with my patron St. Anthony.

"Do you fancy, then, that I am going to conduct you to paradise?"

"You must, as I have half a dozen souls to carry there that I once saved from the clutches of Belzébuth."

"Better have saved your own. *En route, cher Dumollet!*"

The great golfer saw that the old reaper bore him a grudge, and that he was going to conduct him to the paradise of the lost.*

* *Noires glaives.*

Indeed, a quarter of an hour later the two travelers knocked at the gate of hell.

"Toc, toc!"

"Who is there?"

"The wheelwright of Coq," said the great golfer.

"Don't open the door," cried Belzébuth; "that rascal wins at every turn; he is capable of depopulating my empire."

Roger laughed in his sleeve.

"Oh! you are not saved," said Death. "I am going to take you where you won't be cold either."

Quicker than a beggar would have emptied a poor's box they were in purgatory.

"Toc, toc!"

"Who is there?"

"The wheelwright of Coq," said the great golfer.

"But he is in a state of mortal sin,"

cried the angel on duty. "Take him away from here—he can't come in."

"I cannot, all the same, let him linger between heaven and earth," said Death; "I shall shunt him back to Coq."

"Where they will take me for a ghost. Thank you! is there not still paradise?"

XIV

They were there at the end of a short hour.

"Toc, toc!"

"Who is there?"

"The wheelwright of Coq," said the great golfer.

"Ah! my lad," said St. Peter half opening the door, "I am really grieved. St. Anthony told you long ago you had better ask for the salvation of your soul."

"That is true, St. Peter," replied Roger with a sheepish air. "And how is he, that blessed St. Anthony? Could

I not come in for one moment to return the visit he once paid me?

"Why, here he comes," said St. Peter, throwing the door wide open.

In the twinkling of an eye the sly golfer had flung himself into paradise, unhooked his apron, let it fall to the ground, and seated himself down on it.

"Good morning, St. Anthony," said he with a fine salute. "You see I had plenty of time to think of paradise, for here we are!"

"What! *You* here!" cried St. Anthony.

"Yes, I and my company," replied Roger, opening his sack and scattering on the carpet the souls of six golfers.

"Will you have the goodness to pack right off, all of you?"

"Impossible!" said the great golfer, showing his apron.

"The rogue has made game of us," said St. Anthony. "Come, St. Peter, in

memory of our game of golf, let him in with his souls. Besides, he has had his purgatory on earth."

"It is not a very good precedent," murmured St. Peter.

"Bah!" replied Roger, "if we have a few good golfers in paradise, where is the harm?"

XV

Thus, after having lived long, golfed much, and drunk many cans of beer, the wheelwright of Coq called the Great Golfer was admitted to paradise; but I advise no one to copy him, for it is not quite the right way to go, and St. Peter might not always be so compliant, though great allowances must be made for golfers.

DR. JOHNSON ON THE LINKS

(FROM AN AUCHINLECK MS.)

BY ANDREW LANG

ON the morning after our arrival in St. Andrews Dr. Johnson expressed a desire to see the ruins of ecclesiastical antiquity for which this place is famous, or, I should say, infamous. Yielding to a roguish temptation of which I am ashamed, and which even now astonishes me, I determined to practice on the credulity of my venerated friend. I therefore, under pretence of leading Dr. Johnson to the ruins, carried him to that part of the vicinity which is called the Links. It is an undulating stretch of grassy land, varied by certain small elevations, which I assured Dr. Johnson covered all the ecclesiastical ruins that time and the licence of the rabble had spared.

He was much moved, and refused to be covered, as on consecrated ground, while he walked along the Links, a course of some two miles. Often he would pause, and I heard him mutter *perierunt etiam ruinæ.* I ventured to ask him his opinion of John Knox, when he replied, in a sensible agitation, "Sir, he was worthy to be the opprobrious leader of your opprobrious people." I was hardly recovered from this blow at my nation, when Dr. Johnson's wig was suddenly and violently removed from his head, and carried to a certain distance. We were unable to account for this circumstance, and Dr. Johnson was just about stooping to regain his property, when a rough fellow, armed with a few clubs, of which some had threatening heads of iron, came up hastily," saying, "Hoot awa'! ye maunna stir the hazard." It appears that his golf-ball, struck by him from a distance,

had displaced Dr. Johnson's wig, and was still reposing in his folds. Before I could interfere the fellow had dealt a violent stroke at the perruque, whence the ball, soaring in an airy curve, alighted at a considerable distance. I have seldom seen my venerable friend more moved than by this unexpected assault upon his dignity. "Sir," said he to the fellow, "you have taken an unwarranted liberty with one who neither provokes nor pardons insult." At the same moment he hastily disembarrassed himself of his coat, and appeared in shirt-sleeves, which reminded me of his avowed lack of partiality for clean linen. Assuming an attitude of self-defence, he planted one blow on his adversary's nose, and another in his abdomen, with such impetuosity and science that the rascal fell, and bellowed for mercy. This Dr. Johnson was pleased to grant, after breaking all his

weapons. He then resumed his coat, and, with an air of good-humored triumph, he remarked, "It is long, sir, since I knocked a man down, and I feel myself the better for the exercise."

At this moment we came within view of the Cathedral towers, and I instantly felt considerable apprehension lest, on discovering my trick, he might bestow on me the same correction as he had just administered to the golfer. I therefore hastily took the opportunity to call his attention to the towers, remarking that they were the remains of certain small chapels, which had suffered less from the frenzy of the rabble than the Cathedral, on whose site, as I told him, we were now walking. Thus I endeavored to give him a higher, and possibly an exaggerated, idea of the ancient resources and ecclesiastical magnificence of my country.

"Sir," he said, "we will examine later

the contemptible relics which the idiotic fury of your ancestors has spared; meantime I must have a Roll. It is a long time, sir, since I had a Roll." He then, to my alarm, ascended the highest of certain knolls or hummocks, laid himself down at full length, and permitted himself to revolve slowly over and over till he reached the level ground. He was now determined to exercise himself at the game of Golf, which I explained to him as the Scotch form of cricket. Having purchased a ball and club, he threw himself into the correct attitude, as near as he could imitate it, and delivered a blow with prodigious force. Chancing to strike at the same time both the ball and the ground, the head of his club flew off to an immense distance. He was pleased with this instance of his prowess, but declined, on the score of expense, to attempt another experiment. "Sir," he

said, "if Goldsmith were here, he would try to persuade us that he could urge a sphere to a greater distance and elevation than yonder gentleman who has just hit over that remote sand-pit. Knowing his desire for information, I told him that, in Scotch, a sand-pit is called a Bunker. "Sir," said he, "I wonder out of what *colluvies* of barbarism your people selected the jargon which you are pleased to call a language. Sir, you have battened on the broken meats of human speech, and have carried away the bones. A sand-pit, sir, is a sand-pit."

I was somewhat deadened by this unlooked-for reception of an innocent remark. Meanwhile he had fallen into an abstracted fit, from which I attempted to rouse him, by asking him what he would do if landed on a desert island, with no company but a Cannibal.

"Sir," he said, "I should consider

myself more fortunately situated than when landed on an island, equally uncultivated, with no companion but an inquisitive Scotchman. From a Cannibal, sir, I could learn much. From you I can neither learn anything, nor have I any confidence in my power to communicate to you the elements of civilized behavior."

He burst on this into a hearty fit of laughter, which was concluded by a golf-ball, which suddenly flew, from an incredible distance, into his mouth, and produced an alarming fit of coughing. When he had recovered from this paroxysm he appeared somewhat disinclined for further conversation, and, on arriving at our inn, he said, "Sir, do not let us meet again till dinner. Sir, you have brought me to a strange place of singular manners. I did not believe, sir, that in his Majesty's dominions there was any district so barbarous, and so perilous to travelers."

Finding him in this mood, and observing that he grasped his staff in a menacing manner, I withdrew to a neighboring tavern.

CONCERNING THE CADDIES OF ST. ANDREWS

BY R. WHYTE GIBSON

IT is a truism to remark that every gentleman has a peculiar function to perform in the social community, and the Caddie has his. The Caddies are a privileged class, and they make the most of their privileges. This is shown by free criticism and gratuitous advice on all occasions. They are ever ready to impart the fruits of their experience. The Caddies have stood at Forgan's shop and the Golf Hotel (the former has been revolutionized in our time; the latter has been lately embellished by a work of art—*tempora mutantur*, etc.); they have placed themselves there, till these corners are now their own property, consecrated by the

expectoration of tobacco-juice and the fumes of three-penny cut, discussing the affairs of the empire, or the local politics of the microcosm. There they stand, blue with the "cauld wund" of the bleak midwinter, or bronzed like Arabs with the "gey strang het" of the summer-time. Their occupation would be pleasant were it not perchance precarious. Their fortune varies. But they are optimistic, and if business is dull and the hours go slowly by, a "bit nippie" over the way refreshes the inner man. They are pertinacious in offering their services. When a man arrives at the Club for his first round, he is at once encompassed by these Bulls of Bashan, and bamboozled with their unintelligible jargon of "Chancees, sir, chancees." Peace at any price is the order of the day. We have hinted that are not reserved. We have heard an enthusiast, recently raised to the

bench, addressed as follows on missing a shot—"Sur, you're no playin' the day ava. Haud up your shouthers; dinna sclaff!" and the recipient of this was not a novice or tyro by any means. We have heard an Oxonian informed in no mild language that "gouf isna crecket: ye needna swing your cloob that wey!" When your ball falls into the burn, the embryo Caddie is good enough to try to find it for you by stamping it into the mud; the old Caddie stoically howks for stray "baas" among the whins. We believe the employment in both cases is lucrative. Some of the youths of the unique city recruit their strength by caddying for a few years; they then devote their latent talents to "the trades." The Caddie is no respecter of persons; once roused, his volubility is prodigious, his independence striking. We know several who have been Caddies all their

lives, and who know every inch of the course, among whom, old "Skipper," art thou one! The Caddie considers he is at all times entitled to "auld baas" ("See an auld baa fae ye"), while a pair of boots, or other articles of apparel, are never refused. If not altogether respectful, he tries to look respectable, and on the whole is a self-important but worthy individual.

CLASSICS FOR THE CLUBMEN

BY ANDREW LANG

Ecce, senex Andreanus
  Rubrâ veste cambricat,
In arenis ut paganus
Fodit, frequens et profanus,
  Mala verba vocitat!
Dat Morrisius consilia,
"Carpe arenam multam;"* millia
Mala verba, prava, vilia,
  Senex, en, vociferat!

Non me decet admonere,
Magis clam peccata flere
Quam superbia gaudere
  Conscientia admonet!
In Sepulchro Walkingshavi
Frustra fodiens juravi,
  Nunc scelestum poenitet.

* "Tak' plenty o' sand."

THE HOME OF GOLF

BY R. BARCLAY

IN a book about Golf no apology is required for introducing some remarks upon St. Andrews. Golf without St. Andrews would be almost as intolerable as St. Andrews without Golf. For here are the head-quarters of the "royal, ancient, irritating sport." Here Tom Morris holds his court, his courtiers, the clubmen and the caddies; his throne, the evergreen links; and his sceptre, a venerable putter. Here the children make their entrance into the world, not with silver spoons in their mouths, but with diminutive golf-clubs in their hands. Here the Champion is as much a hero as the greatest general who ever returned in triumph from the wars. Here, in short, is an asylum for golfing

maniacs and the happy hunting-ground of the duffer, who, armed with a rusty cleek, sallies forth to mutilate the harmless turf.

When a man becomes infected with the golfing disease, his first desire of course is to strike the ball with occasional success. Continually and consistently to miss the globe may be enervating, but it cannot be called an encouraging pastime. Then follow loftier aims and aspirations. He perseveres until in a thrice-happy hour he "gets below the hundred." But if he be a Foreigner—in the golfing sense—his cup of joy is not yet full. His mind turns towards St. Andrews, and thither he bends his willing steps, or, in more prosaic form, sets out by train.

He will be struck at once by the unique appearance of the city. It stands in an atmosphere of antiquity. When and by whom it was actually

formed cannot with certainty be stated, The popular custom was to lay the blame upon St. Regulus—as the poet has testified :—

"'Tis thought when St. Regulus landed
The bones of St. Andrew he bare
To a cave in a cliff that commanded
A prospect with capital air :
'The seaweed is capital fare
For a healthy ascetic,' cried he :
And he settled contentedly where
The College now stands by the sea." *

All this is very apocryphal, but we have every reason to date its origin from the year 736 A.D. Since then no place in Scotland has seen fiercer conflicts and more sudden catastrophes, and with no exaggeration it has been said that the history of St. Andrews is the history of Scotland.

In its modern aspect St. Andrews is

* Mr. Andrew Lang—"*Ballade of St. Andrews University.*"

peculiarly placed. Close upon seven thousand persons claim to be inhabitants. If we except the fishermen—of whom there is a large colony—the tradespeople, and the University, almost every other body is by profession or practice to be designated a golfer. Of course the other classes aforementioned are largely represented on the links when leisure permits them, for it is in truth a "City of Golf." There are no public works, hence there is little or no smoke: and except when a misguided Town Council cements the streets with coal dust the pavement is as white as Scottish pavement may be.

The summer visitor finds it difficult to believe that St. Andrews is a University city. The college buildings are there, it is true, but no signs of life are visible. In winter, however, it is far otherwise. From October to April the streets are enlivened by the red gowns of the un-

dergraduates, and arrangements are now being made for the institution of a summer session. The educational record of the city is a noble one, and the University is still doing successful, and often brilliant, work.

But this is not Golf. Let us return to the links—with which none can compare. Here, there, and everywhere Golf is spreading: almost every day we hear of Tom Morris opening a new green and declaring it (with a faithless regularity) to be "the finest green in the country"—though he will occasionally modify the statement to this extent, that it is "second only to St. Andrews." Whether these remarks are ever made by the cautious old custodian is doubtful: local enthusiasm is prone to exaggerate. There are links which are sporting, and links which are long: links which have good putting greens, and links which have none at all: links

which have no hazards, and links which are all hazard: but place any of them beside St. Andrews, and O the difference! Very inferior golf may secure a good score at Carnoustie, or Leven, or Musselburgh, or Gullane, or Machrihanish, to mention no more, but anything below ninety on St. Andrews means that foozling has been conspicuous by its absence. The driving must be straight, the iron play decided and exact, and mistakes on the putting green cannot be ascribed to the turf, which, in summer at least, is truer than most billiard tables. The bunkers are for the most part traps only for missed shots, and, considering the tremendous amount of traffic, bad lies are proverbially absent.

In short, St. Andrews is the home and nursery of Golf. Here it is that we find the game as it should be played, here alone, if we except North Berwick: for the palmy days of Musselburgh are

past, and Prestwick is too select to be considered. For there is Golf as it should *not* be played—as it cannot be played. Farther down the Fife coast, to seek no more distant ground, there is a links more than usually affected in the summer months by visitors and vagabonds, where, by the natives at least, style is unknown and turf seldom replaced. There are perhaps some half-dozen players of more than average skill who are duly worshipped by the lesser lights of the links: and there are probably not more than a dozen, or, at most, a score, who have seen a professional match or amateur play of the first class. Their style, if it may be called so, is universally and utterly abject: their clubs are generally more or less curious varieties of the "Bulger" arrangement: the half-swing reigns supreme: and there is no resident professional. The green-keeper, an excellent

man and a pretty wit, was enlisted (O foolish economy!) from the service of the plough. He makes a new putting green with infinite labor, and leaves the storms and heat of the heavens to convert it into a particularly uninviting bunker. He places the teeing-grounds among whins, and gloats over those who find it most profitable to drive therefrom with their irons. The native golfers, having no one of eminence to imitate, do what seems right in their own eyes, and what, in the eyes of every other body, is patently wrong, their chief amusement on many occasions being to drive blindly and fiercely into some unoffending foursome, crying "Fore" with unnecessary vehemence as the hindmost of the players is being conveyed to the nearest surgeon's. All of which is golfing according to ——, but the name of the town must not be mentioned. The

inhabitants are many of them strong men.

In St. Andrews are the hopes of the golfer fixed. The very air seems to be impregnated with the spirit of the game. At the tee with the brave old towers behind, the rolling waters of the Bay to the right, and in front the mounds, and hillocks, and levels of the links, one feels that he has reached the end of his pilgrimage to the Shrine of Golf. A new glamor is thrown about the game: the Golfer's "spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then:" the Swilcan may receive his second or third shot in its liquid shallows: he may foozle on the green under the critical eye of a by-standing professional, but "his heart's his own, his will is free." And standing at the end hole with his round half accomplished, he can survey the towers of the ruined Cathedral, and the ragged masonry of

the Castle, and the grey old city itself with the feelings of one who has found life worth living and Golf a game for men.

A VISIT TO GOFFTOON

BY A. C. MORRISON

IT was evening: on rushed the train with almost lightning rapidity. I reclined comfortably in a third-class compartment, and thought with pleasure of the various joys that were in store for me. By my side lay an umbrella and a sandwich; but my pocket did not contain the proverbial return ticket; for it was only at five o'clock on an August evening that I had left the office of Messrs. Smith, Brown, Jones, and Company, with permission to absent myself for a fortnight. In the first excitement attending the great occasion, I seized my traveling bag, that had been carefully packed in the morning, bolted to a station, and took the first train for anywhere. There was

only one other passenger in the compartment; but my conversational efforts were most distinctly discouraged. This gentleman was arrayed in tweeds of loud pattern, the design of which I was quite unable to comprehend. I quailed beneath his examining gaze, but at length he closed his eyes. Then, venturing to investigate, I discovered with astonishment that the design of the tweeds consisted of curiously wrought cleeks and irons, with golf-balls judiciously interspersed. On the seat there lay a small valise of so remarkable construction that it cannot be described, but it bore the significant label, "Gofftoon."

For three weary hours the engine puffed and whistled; but at length there was a slackening of speed which told that the terminus was at hand. My companion gathered up his belongings, among which was a set of golf-clubs,

glanced ferociously at me, and turned to open the door. Undismayed I followed, and stepped on to a platform which was now almost completely dark. A porter moved towards me, but after examining me for a moment, he seemed to miss something, for he turned and walked quickly in the opposite direction.

Above the entrance to the station there was a lamp that shone upon these curious lines, which I was then at a loss to understand—

"An entrance into Gofftoon let no one dare to seek,
Unless he bear at very least a driver and a cleek."

"Rather a poor joke," I mentally remarked, but as the wind had begun to blow, and rain had begun to fall, I hurried off in the direction of the town. Presently some one addressed me. "The greens 'll be stiff, an' you'll need

an 'eclipse' the morn," was all he said as he passed once more into the darkness. I shouted after him a request to direct me to an hotel. For a moment I got no reply, but at last he announced that it would "tak' a meenit or twa, and he hadna time, but," continued the wayfarer, "ye micht try the first ane ye come to."

With this gratifying intelligence I proceeded, until I came to a brilliantly illuminated building which bore the sign, "Player's First-Class Hotel." I rang the bell. Presently a waiter appeared, who in answer to my request for accommodation immediately said—

"I'm afraid we can't put you up, sir; what's your round?"

Thinking to humor this golfing maniac, I told him I could do —— in 102.

"Won't do, sir," said the waiter, and the door was immediately slammed in my face.

Despite this reverse, I was still happy enough to sympathise with the landlord in having such an idiot in his service; but my eyes had yet to be opened. Without delay I continued my search, and was soon standing in the entrance hall of another hotel. Again, to my complete bewilderment, the question of the monomanic waiter was repeated; and I repeated my answer. To my joy it was this time received with satisfaction. I was once more doomed to disappointment, for I had yet an important question to answer.

"Use an iron or wooden putter, sir?" queried the indefatigable boots.

"Confound you!" I retorted angrily, "what does that matter to you? I only want a bed; I use the wooden putter mostly."

"Very sorry we can't put you up, sir, but this is the 'Cleek,' and Mr. Iron is very strict in his orders."

Wearied with my wanderings, I at length succeeded in satisfying the requirements of the "Bulger Inn." I reached these quarters in time to share in the remains of a banquet held annually under the auspices of the Gofftoon Branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Bulger. My appetite was not impaired by the fact that there was placed before me a soup-tureen in the form of an exaggerated golf-ball: my salt-cellar was the tureen in miniature: the spoon I used was a diminutive putter with the head scooped out. On a table in the corner of the sitting-room I occupied there might be seen writing-paper with crossed golf clubs as a heading, pens of the shape of cleeks, and therefore unsuited for writing, to say nothing of two gentleman golfers supporting inkwells in their unwearied arms.

On the way to my bedroom I passed

the door of the room in which the banquet was proceeding. On it was placarded the following: "All interested in the bulgerising of the world are now invited to enter." I accepted the invitation, and presently I listened to a gentleman as he proposed the toast of the evening: "Prosperity to the Bulger." With these soul-stirring words he concluded an eloquent speech:—

"Gentlemen, the principles which it is our aim to advance require no poor words of mine to recommend them to the approval of all. Let us struggle ever onward, ever upward; let us lay aside all that might be prejudicial to the conquering career of the Bulger; let us refrain from violent language when the sacred weapon is in our hands: and so, in the time that is to come, our one grand principle, despite the laughter of the ignorant and the sneering of the sceptic, will have

a universal application." (Loud applause.)

The Chairman at this point observed a stranger in the company, and immediately called upon him to say a few words on the progress of their principles in other parts of the world. I was the stranger, and as there was no escape possible, I forthwith addressed the meeting :—

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, my sympathies are with you, as are the sympathies of the world. (Great applause.) I venture, however, somewhat to disagree with the gentleman who has just sat down. (Silence.) I cannot conscientiously say that I believe the principle of the bulger—(ominous murmurings)—is applicable to the Cleek." (Storms of hissing and booing, amid which there came these awful admonitions, "Sit upon him !" "Put him out !") I felt that something desperate

must be done to retrieve my lost position. I turned towards the chair, and despite a scathing fire of selected missiles more or less hard, I roared at the pitch of my voice,—"But, gentlemen, when it is applied, the Cleek will be no longer necessary." Amid the thunderous applause that followed I disappeared.

The furnishings of my bedroom were remarkable. The walls were covered with representations of championship matches, and such works of art as "—— —— playing the First Shot with a Bulger." Various suitable admonitions were conveyed to the reader by means of cardboard and green worsted: "Tak' tent to be weel up on the green." "Tak' plenty o' sand." "Never up, never in." The bedcover had depicted on it golfers in all manner of attitudes—"At the tee," "In the bunker," "On the green." On the dressing-table there lay a book of

rules with the inscription, "Visitors are requested to read a small portion every evening before retiring." The following announcement might also be read upon the wall: "Two rounds must be played every day. It is recommended by the authorities that three be attempted. First round begins at 7 A.M.; second round at 1 P.M."

Notwithstanding these circumstances, I slept well, and was awakened by a voice and a knock at my bedroom door.

"You're late, sir; first round's beginning."

"I haven't got my clubs," I replied.

"Very sorry, sir," the waiter said from without, "but it's against the rules to supply lunch until the scoring-card of the first round has been handed in. I'll get you a driver and a cleek somewhere."

In half an hour I was on the Links, but I did not feel at my ease; for all

around were arrayed in true Gofftoon checks, whereas I had to remain content with a black jacket, and nether garments of a very mild stripe. It was immediately recognized that I was an interloper, and I was treated accordingly. No caddie would play against me for less than ten shillings, but a desire for lunch forced me to come to terms.

My first day in Gofftoon passed slowly away. In the afternoon I repaired again to the starting-point. After waiting for two hours and a quarter, I felt that I had done my duty, and so wickedly I set myself to construct a score which might qualify me for a further share of the good things of the "Bulger Inn." I congratulated myself that the morrow was Sunday; for on that day I might have an opportunity of considering my embarrassing position. I pondered the cost of a correct Gofftoon outfit, and wondered whether my once

having been ignorant and improper would for ever prevent my receiving a welcome.

To my astonishment I discovered that the people of Gofftoon were devout. The instruments of daily labor were laid aside when Sunday came, and couples perambulated the Links in the morning, engaged in constructing imaginary scores.

I repaired in the midst of the inhabitants to the church, and listened with humility to the preacher as he compared the life of the righteous man to the flight of an "eclipse" against the high wind, when it is struck clean from the tee. Each stroke was an effort of the good towards the end which all should strife to attain. In life, he eloquently remarked, there may be bad lies and difficult approaches; but with faith, perseverance, and courage, these would be overcome, and a rest would at

length be found on the Elysian Plains. On the other hand, the life of the wicked might be suitably compared to the waverings of a sixpenny "gutta" which could not be fairly driven, but would be tossed about, so to speak, by every wind of doctrine, until at length it would be lost, or, like the wicked, find its destination at the bottom of some pit, from which no iron or niblick could avail to extricate it.

The congregation issued from the church much edified by the discourse. In the graveyard I stopped to examine the tombstones, on which were many interesting inscriptions. Each bore some suitable motto, and a list of the golfing virtues of the departed.

HERE LIES

WHO DIED ON THE 1ST APRIL 1890
HAVING ON THE PREVIOUS DAY
EXCEEDED THE HUNDRED.

He was far and sure in his driving: accurate in his approach: and deadly in his putting
His average round for the five years previous to his demise was eighty-five

At the bottom of another stone there might be read—

"He played the wrist iron shot to perfection."

A third stone had imprinted at the top

"Perseverance"

and bore a representation of a golfer vigorously striving to extricate his ball from a hazard. His remarks on that particular occasion were left to the imagination of the reader.

Presently, as I looked at the work of art, my mind was overshadowed by a cloud, and I found myself sitting on a hard backed chair. The hands of the clock indicated 1.45 A. M., and beside me there lay on the floor my portmanteau and golf clubs, both labelled "St. Andrews."

THE GOLFING GHOST

BY R. BARCLAY

His name had not been mentioned
  Among the list of blest,
Who from things mathematical
  Had found eternal rest:
His second time attempted,
  But ploughed—I think they say—
Yes! ploughed by cruel Examiners,
  Close to St. Andrews Bay.

Oh how the perspiration
  Of grief began to pour,
As taking up his driver
  He turned towards the shore.
One look around the College—
  He could not go astray—
For he saw the white foam dashing
  In wild St. Andrews Bay.

Down to the Links he hurried,
  His brow was sad and low:

Already—it was pale moonlight—
He heard the tempest blow :
His gown was on his shoulders—
A scarlet gown, they say—
As he faced the raging waters
Of old St. Andrews Bay.

He drove from off the teeing-ground
A never-falling ball :
Then rushed among the surges,
They were a fitting pall !
A corpse was found next morning
Floating far, far away,
Far from the stormy billows
Of wild St. Andrews Bay.

There are who tell the story,
Some Caddies by the shore,
How on some wintry evenings,
When ocean tempests roar,
A figure white's seen golfing
Golfing, not far away,
White as the foaming billows
Of old St. Andrews Bay.

ALWAYS ONE HOLE DOWN

BY W. DALRYMPLE

OF the many yarns associated with Largs Bay and the Links of Leven, the following is perhaps the most pathetic; and though it is, as a matter of fact, familiar to several, it is hoped that it may be new to some readers.

July is proverbially a joyous month, rich in merry sunshine and full of glad promise, and Saturday all over the Christian world the day of the week associated in all minds with happy reminiscences. Yet it was on the second Saturday of July last year that the following events occurred, the sadness of which is only less remarkable than the horror which they caused.

It is among the more primitive races that a short, stout man is of the great-

est value—for obvious reasons. Still, on the golf links of civilization he may not be altogether despised. He is not only the cause of bright and rosy hope, and high and joyous enthusiasm in the hearts of his adversaries; he is also productive in the breast of his own partner of that feeling of calm and pious resignation which we are so pleased to see in those of our fellows who inspire us with anything like affectionate interest.

A fat little man, with a red face and auburn hair, and a nose poised between eyes which reminded one not a little of those aggravating balls of glass so much affected by the later generation of soda-water men; such is the hero of this mournful tale, or, if you will, tragedy in real life.

Where the creature came from, we are now glad to be ignorant. His name is a rare one in our district—Smith;

but as will be gathered from the sequel, he preferred to be remembered by a name closely associated with his unhallowed deeds.

As to his dress the less said the better. In the good old days in France, the corpse of a hanged man was frequently dressed in a clean shirt, should the King happen to pass that way. Had our friend lived in a golfing district in the France of those good old times, it would have been unwise to postpone the presentation of such an article to him until such time as his Majesty went by! But, to his honor let it be said, he did not insult the memory of Old Phil by appearing in white spats.

It is not on record that any golfer of experience ever *chose* such a man as partner. He is the result of a toss—a spin with a half-crown, the gift of some dread Fate. And it was in some such way, or, perhaps, in punishment of some

unconscious crime, that the writer was saddled with our hero.

When our partnership was sealed, his look of settled gloom became more pronounced, and the tone in which he asked if we preferred red or black gutta was absolutely debilitating to one who had made the very hastiest of luncheons.

Yet things went brightly and prosperously for us at first. Forceps and his cousin Nicodemus were foozling right and left. If Forceps topped his tee shot, Nicodemus carried on the sprightly sport by planting him in the nearest bunker. Did Nicodemus pull round into the railway, Forceps would infallibly send his into the nearest burn, and of these there are no fewer than four on Leven Links. One of us enjoyed the fun immensely, but it was not our hero: on the contrary, when we at length came to be five up and six to play, his dejection became worthy only of Dart-

moor or a Friendly Girls' Picnic to Auchterarder or Freuchie.

"Well, Sir," I said, with what I fondly imagined to be cheering courtesy, "you certainly have played a stunning game; just fancy being five up and six to play against Forceps and his cousin Nicodemus!"

"Ah, that's all very well; but," he added, with a weary sigh worthy of a spider in a fly-paper manufactory, "you don't know."

This rather pained me, because, though not much of a player myself, I know a great deal about it, and, in fact, have often given invaluable advice to people who fancy they know a great deal more than I do; and to be thus told that I did not know was unkind, if not indeed actually offensive. Unwilling, however, to provoke any unpleasantness, I mildly remarked: "How, sir?"

"Ah! you don't know all," he re-

peated, with a groan which reminded me of dentists and cod-liver oil. "No, sir! you don't know all."

"Look here! If you've committed any crime of unusual atrocity, please don't mention it till this game is over," I said hastily. "By the way, what's your name?" for, as a matter of fact, by reason of its extreme rarity in our district, it had for the time escaped my memory.

"My name is one not unknown in poetry and prose, but principally the latter. I am usually, however, more widely known in the golfing world as the 'Man who is always one hole down.'"

"Get away!" I exclaimed, with a sickly effort at gaiety; for, though I had never actually met the creature before, I had often heard whispers of his existence, and he undoubtedly spoke in a tone of veracity.

"Yes; always one hole down! Sometimes more—never less! It is indeed a doleful doom." Here he brushed away a tear with his sleeve, and dropped a pace behind.

"But what about your unlucky partners? can't you make a change just this once—for my sake?" I exclaimed with some unworthy selfishness. "You know it's pretty rough on me."

"True; but what of myself? Often do I hear the sunny laugh and the merry voice prate and babble of its four—five—six—even of its eighteen holes up; and I, *always*, *always* one down—and sometimes more!"

"Is there no hope of breaking this nefarious spell?" I exclaimed with some dismay, for Nicodemus had just laid a long putt dead.

"None!" he replied with a resigned look; and he added, with a shudder, "Ha! she comes!"

"Who?" I cried with a jump; for he startled us, and there were dozens of Highland cattle pasturing on the Links. If he meant a cow, I determined to go home at once, or, at all events, escape to the other side of the railway.

"She is on the other side of that knoll just now. I hear her; you will probably see her in the course of five minutes."

"Thunder! Is she charging?" I cried in perfectly excusable anxiety.

"Charging?" he echoed, with a long slow moan; "charging? Alas! she is already charged, primed, and ready for action."

There now appeared over the knoll in front of us a pretty young creature of some four feet six or so, winsomely robed in gray, of a curious shade, with a red jacket and sunshade of the same color. She was accompanied by two Maltese terriers, whose knowledge of

Pears' must, from the delicious white silkiness of their hair, have been profound in the extreme; and on a chain trotted a pug, with black warty muzzle, and a tail curled in a knot that it would have been the joy of a Coleraine pig to bite.

"Ha! who comes here?" cried Forceps and Nicodemus, for they have both a nice taste in such matters.

"It is my wife," said our partner with an extremely depressing mixture of wail, whistle and whine. "She always takes a turn out with the dogs, and walks home with me."

"Is that the reason," I whispered sternly, "of you know what?"

"Always one hole down!" he murmured.

And, as a matter of fact, at the end of the game so we were!

BALLADE OF THE DUFFER

BY W. CAINE

You may sing of the joys of a drive,
When the ball whistles far through the air:
I know you are keenly alive
To the pleasure of hitting it fair.
For me, that achievement is rare,
I strike either space or the tee,
But never the ball. I don't care:
Golf isn't the pastime for me!

I never would willingly strive
By argument, scoffing, or prayer,
A Golfer, though bad, to deprive
Of his just and legitimate share
Of a game which it's safe to declare
Will be played till 3000 A. D.,
When I shall be—goodness knows where:
Golf isn't the pastime for me!

You say—"If the long hole in five
I compass, no joys can compare."
Or again—"If a loft I contrive
To make even the Champion stare;
What rapture!" Especially where
Those bunkers lie close to the sea;
I know what it is to be there:
Golf isn't the pastime for me!

L'envoi.

Prince! this fact remains: that howe'er
The town of St. Andrews, N.B.,
Its praises and glories may blare,
Golf isn't the pastime for me!

LINES ON BEING ASKED TO CONTRIBUTE TO THIS BOOK

BY R. F. MURRAY

Some words on Golf I am desired to utter :
I, who care nothing for the noble game,
Who do not know a niblick from a putter
(Perhaps they are the same) ;

I, who have suffered by the hour together
From idle blockheads talking golfer's shop,
Until I had to introduce the weather
Or the potato crop.

Not that all golfers are such bores to be with ;
Some, I believe, are reasonable men.
Some, whose acquaintance Fate has favored me with,
I will not meet again.

And now the terror of their conversation
Confines itself no more to living speech.
Take any paper for an illustration :—
Golf is the theme of each.

The Scotsman and Dispatch a column lavish
When Old Tom Morris opens a new green ;
They grudged five lines when Doctor Neil M'Tavish
Opened a church at Skene.

The papers find the game seductive,
The very magazines and the reviews
Print verse and prose which is, I hope, instructive,
For it does not amuse.

If devotees of football and of cricket
Should clog the press with innings and with maul,
And rabid scribes be always on the wicket,
Or always on the ball—

As devotees of golf, with frenzy drunker,
Riot in type and suffer no control,
And rabid scribes are always in a bunker,
Or always in a hole—

Would people stand the former like the latter?
An answer to the question might be guessed,
But since this is a book on Golf, no matter—
Silence perhaps is best.

DICTIONARY OF GOLF

BY D. IRONS

Beginner—*One who should be ashamed of himself, and generally is.*

Bunker—*Quiet spot to which a player retires for the purpose of making a few disjointed remarks.*

Burn—*Institution for adding to the uncertainties of the game, and the certainties of the ball-maker.*

Caddie—*Gentleman of leisure, who for a consideration will consent to sneer at you for a whole round.*

Driver—*Most sympathetic of the tyro's instruments. When its owner loses his head it is apt to do the same.*

Golfer—*Sort of cross between a martyr and a monomaniac.*

Good stroke—*One that lands your opponent in a bunker.*

Hole—*A cavity much smaller than the ordinary bunker, and much less enticing to the ball.*

Match—*Game arranged with a man you can beat.*

Perfect stroke—*One that plants your opponent's ball among the roots of a whin.*

Round—*A voluntary penance—best test of temper known.*

Round of eighty—*One that is generally done in the absence of a marker.*

Short putt—*Stroke often missed by a good player: by a beginner—never.*

Turf—*Grass carefully preserved by the player for the beginner's benefit.*

Uncertainty of the Game—*What is suggested to you when M'Foozle manages to hit the ball.*

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